

BLACK
SHEEP
THE NORTH POLE
BLEEDS

A. Bonny + Cavalo Morto + Flor + Renato Ros











BLACK SHEEP

THE NORTH POLE BLEEDS

A photozine by A. Bonny
 Cavalo Morto
 Florence
 Renato Ros

**Produced between December 2024 and
January 2025 in the city of
Vitória da Conquista—BA**

This work is the product of collaborative effort,
without any support from governments or grants.
We value the freedom to be heard,
a right every artist deserves.
You, me, we are all artists!
Down with competitiveness!

CC BY-NC 4.0

I don't know when was the last time, or even
if there ever was a first time that Vitória da Conquista
held a photozine. Long before I was born, many great
local photographers came, made their mark,
and disappeared. People who became legends,
or ghosts, or both.

And yes, there were exhibitions and even
self-published photobooks, but what kept these
photographers from drifting away from dust and shadows,
I do not know. The reason why, until a few years ago,
I couldn't name a single one of them, I also lack.
But what matters now is that it's my turn,
and I won't let my peers
and I be swallowed by oblivion.

If we photograph, we'll photograph.
If we draw, we'll draw.
If we write, we'll write.

And this way, our voice will be heard,
even if it takes bursting a few
lungs and eardrums along the way.

Conquistense photography lives.
Its photographers still breathe.
And from now on,
they will also take up shelves
and walls out there.

@T.S.K_A.C.E

In December of last year, I discovered why the city I live in is called Vitória da Conquista¹. That same month marked the grand celebration of the so-called "conquest", by the people known as "conquestians"².

Smiles, hugs, spare change, twenty, fifty-real bills, ice-cold Canelinha, overpriced shots of cognac; drunk fathers, sticky children eating cotton candy, mothers photographing all the necessary to fulfill the potential of that deeply ingrained tradition of going up the hill to see the fairy lights... No one there, in that moment, thought about why the earth beneath their feet was such a deep red. But the past wouldn't leave my mind.

I spent all of December 2023 photographing the Conquistense Christmas, and no matter where I tried to escape, I always found myself returning to that scene of ignorant bliss: Praça Tancredo Neves in all its horror, and the effigy of bandeirante³ sin, the parish church, with its great phallic tower defying the impure—its clock hands pointed at me—as the supreme simulacrum of this land's problem, so grotesquely powerful in its ridiculousness that I can never hide my fear when facing it. Even more so in December, when its worshippers charge it with energy and flattering lights.

That month was miserable, for vitória da conquista tore from me the joy of my favorite day, bringing me the realization that, honestly, there has never been a Christmas that was not a parasitic mass smothering the lush tree of human beauty that is the REAL tradition, the roots, the true reason for celebration.

Christmas, just like the vitória da conquista that is forced upon us, is nothing but a facade. Who we are, as people and citizens of this land, goes far beyond blood, cowardice, and commerce. We do not need the powers that be to dictate how we should celebrate the divine perfection of nature. It is necessary to acknowledge the mistakes of the past so that we do not allow them to repeat, as they always seem to do on these gray streets. These celebrations are not ours. This christmas is not for us. Let us not celebrate the bandeirantes.

¹In literal terms, "Victory of Conquest".

²The people from the city of Vitória da Conquista. Conquistenses.

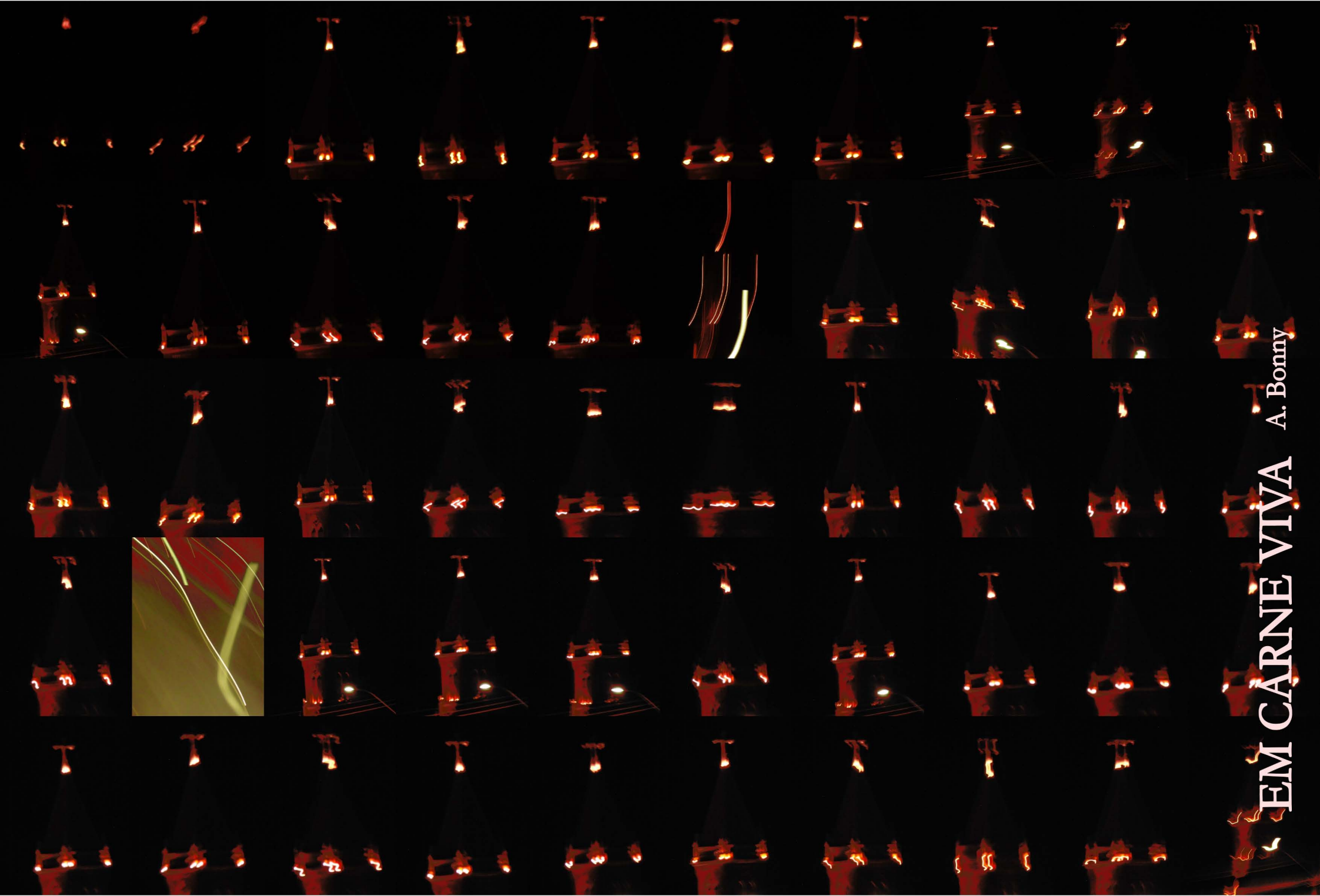
³Bandeirantes were Portuguese colonial explorers in Brazil (16th–18th centuries) who expanded territory through expeditions (bandeiras), often enslaving Indigenous peoples and seeking gold.

ANNIE BONNY

A. Bonny



ESCÁRNIO



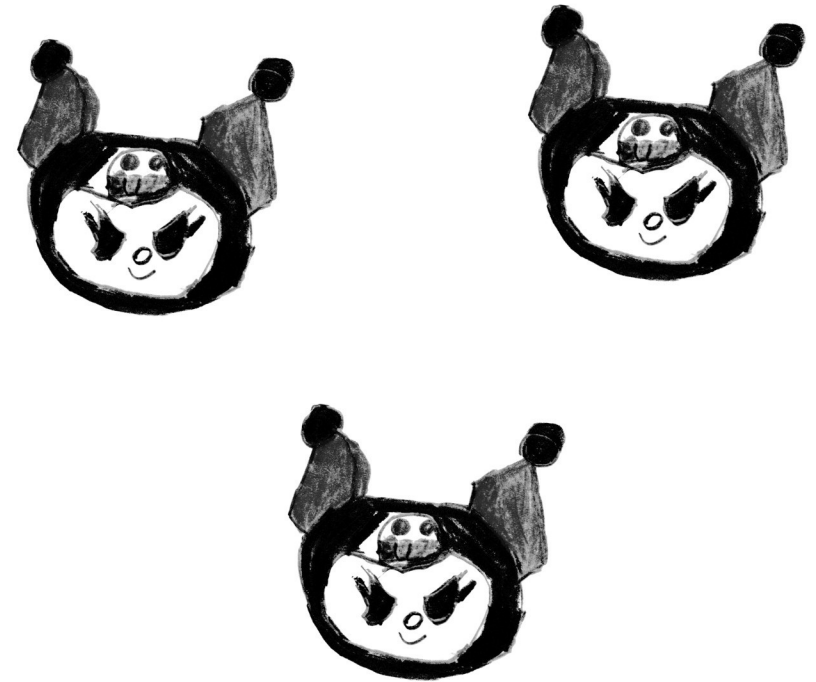
EM CARNE VIVA A. Bonny

Christmas celebrates the birth of Jesus Christ, considered the Son of God, but what many don't know is that this is the Christian view, and Christmas is often interpreted by us pagans as an appropriation and theft of pagan traditions by the Christian Church.

Before being associated with the birth of Jesus, festivals like Saturnalia, Sol Invictus, and the Norse Yule already celebrated the winter solstice, with customs like gift exchanges, wreaths, tree decorations, and feasts.

The Church set December 25th as the official date of Christ's birth, taking advantage of the popularity of these festivals to supposedly appropriate a holiday stolen from past traditions.

In this way, pagan symbols and practices were redefined with Christian meanings, eliminating or hiding their original aspects. I see this as a strategy to steal our pagan values and beliefs, integrating them into the new dominant religion, namely Christianity.



Cavalo Morto

@cavalomortonomeiodarua



TERNO DE REIS

Cavalo Morto



LUZES

Cavalo Morto

florrrrr :)

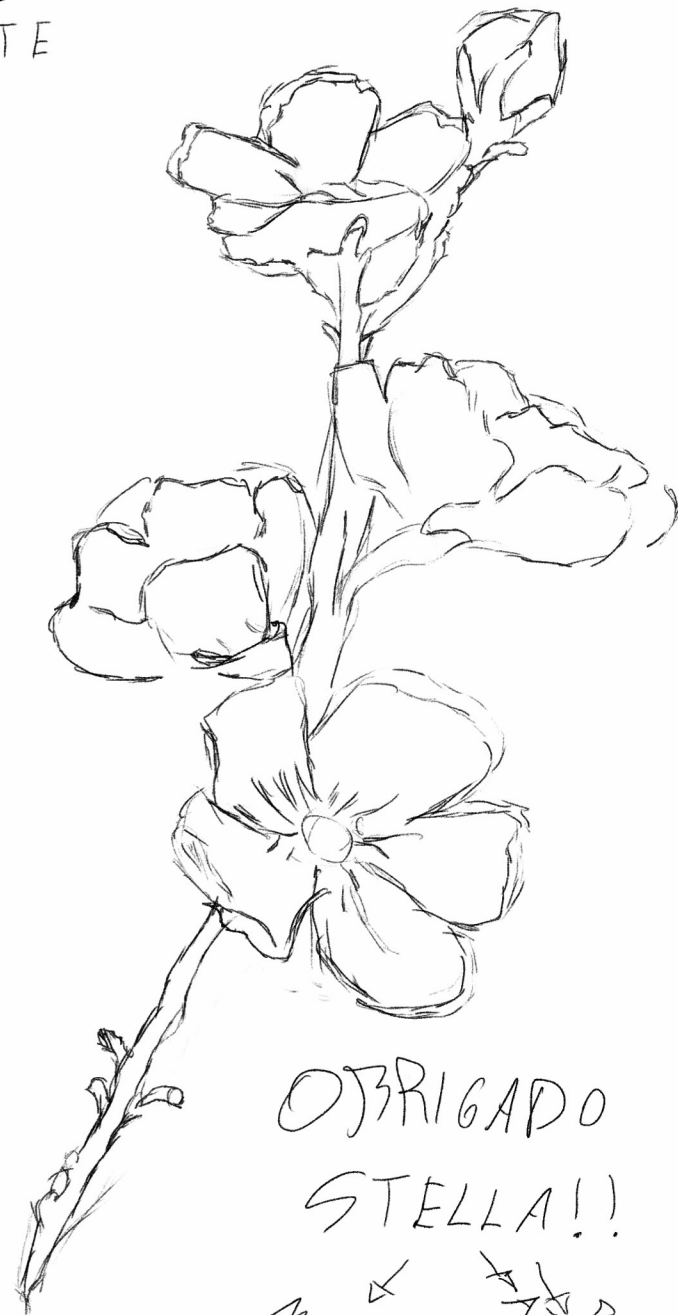
A VIDA É TÃO INEVITÁVEL QUANTO
ARTE
A MORTE

I'm very interested in the confusion in photos,
not being able to understand but at the same time
processing the information on the screen,
subconsciously comprehending the smallest
details and being hypnotized by the colors and mixes.

I try to bring that feeling into my photos, and I think I
succeeded in this collection.

Editing photos deeply entertains me, and I feel that I'm
increasingly willing to take risks in editing.

@blossomingneighbour



OBRIGADO
STELLA!!

↓
MODELO

↑
ATRIZ PRODUTORA



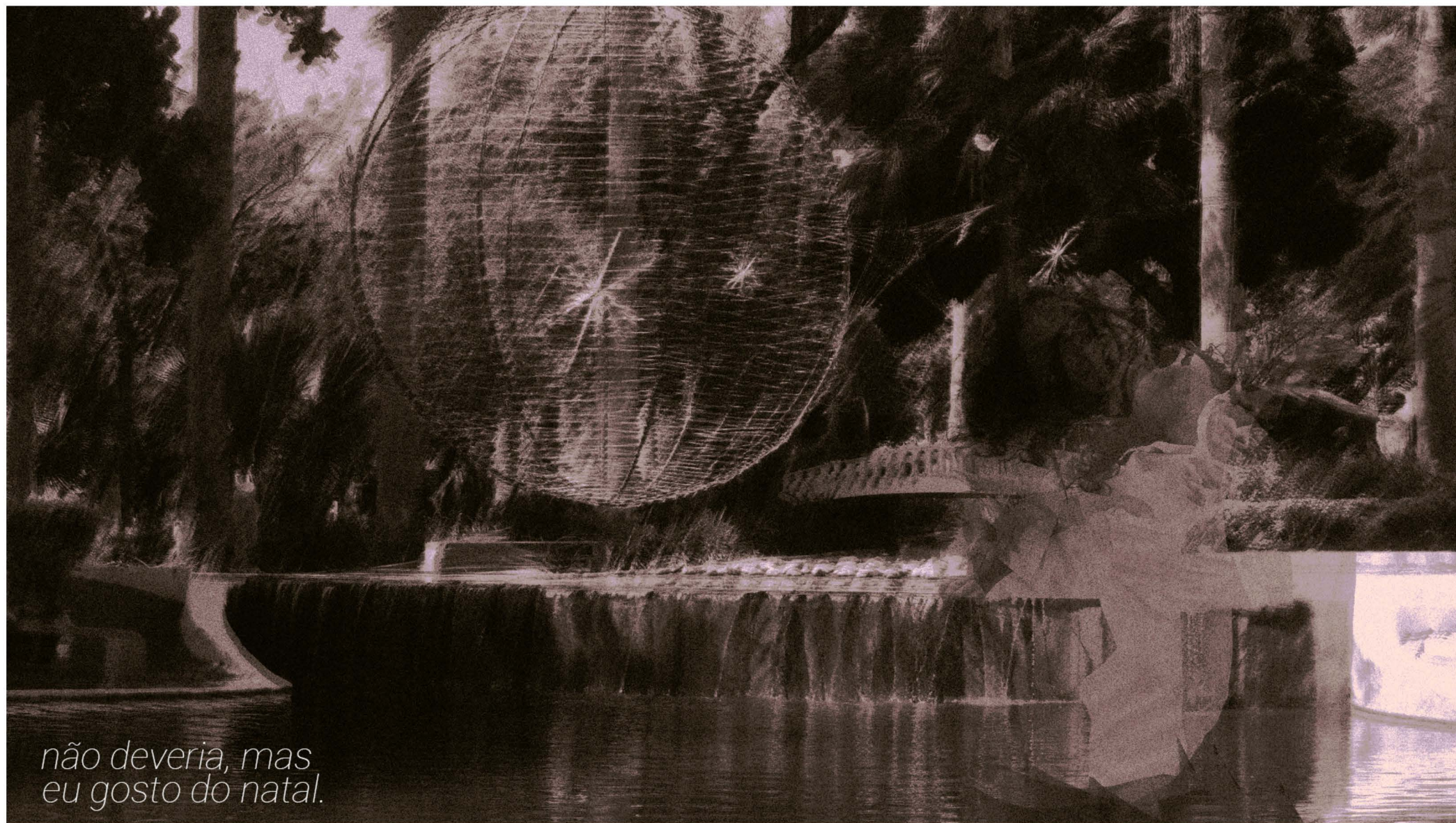
*espero que as coisas sejam
mais faceis no proximo natal.*



*o espirito natalino
salvou a minha alma(?)*



*o natal realmente
muda as coisas(?)*



*não deveria, mas
eu gosto do natal.*

IV

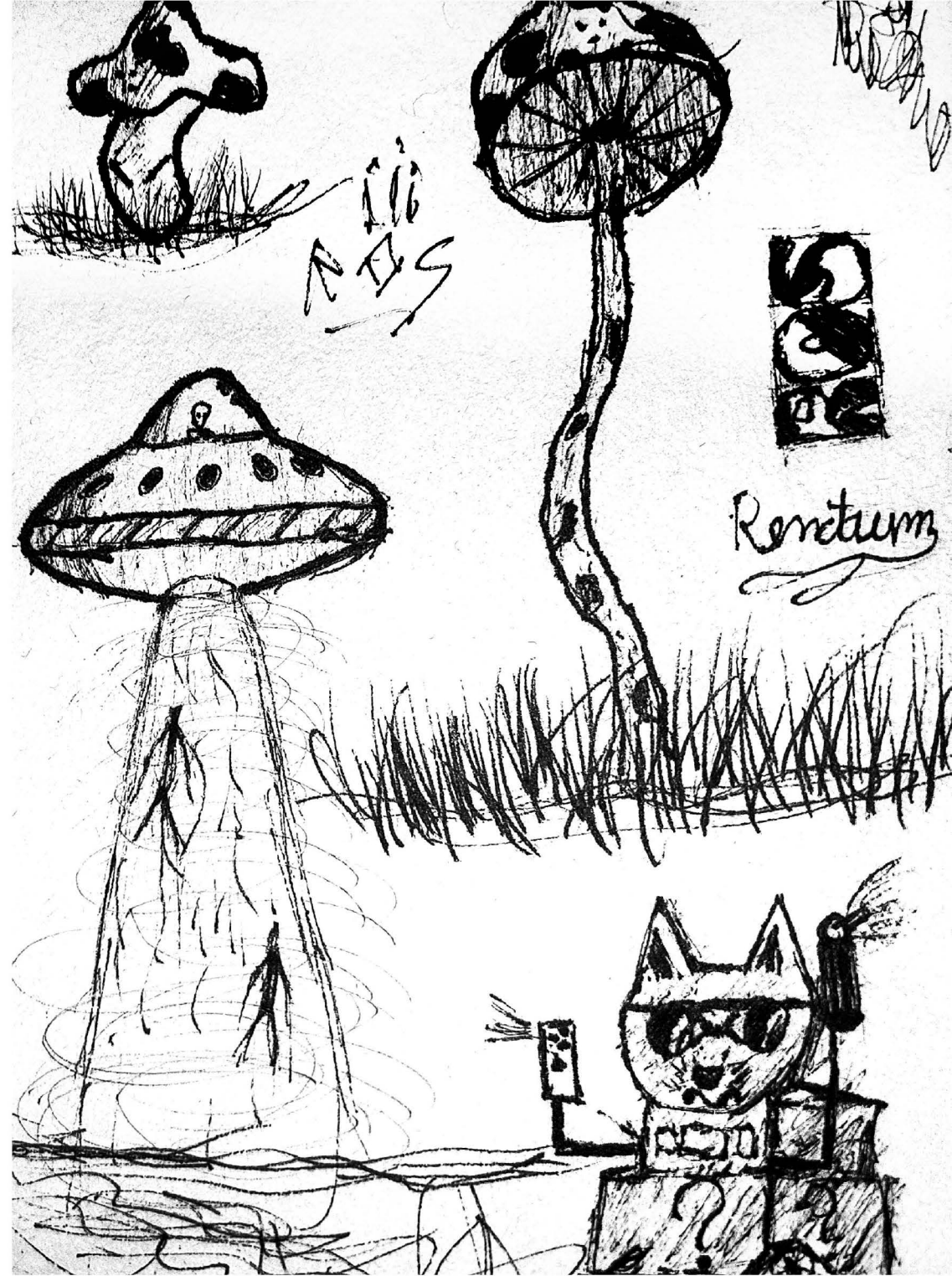
Flor

RENATO SILVEIRA

My name is Renato,
aka ROS or Renatão.

I've been a photographer since
2016, and what I leave as
advice for new photographers is:
never be a jerk to those
just starting out, always
pass knowledge forward.

@renatosilveira.ros



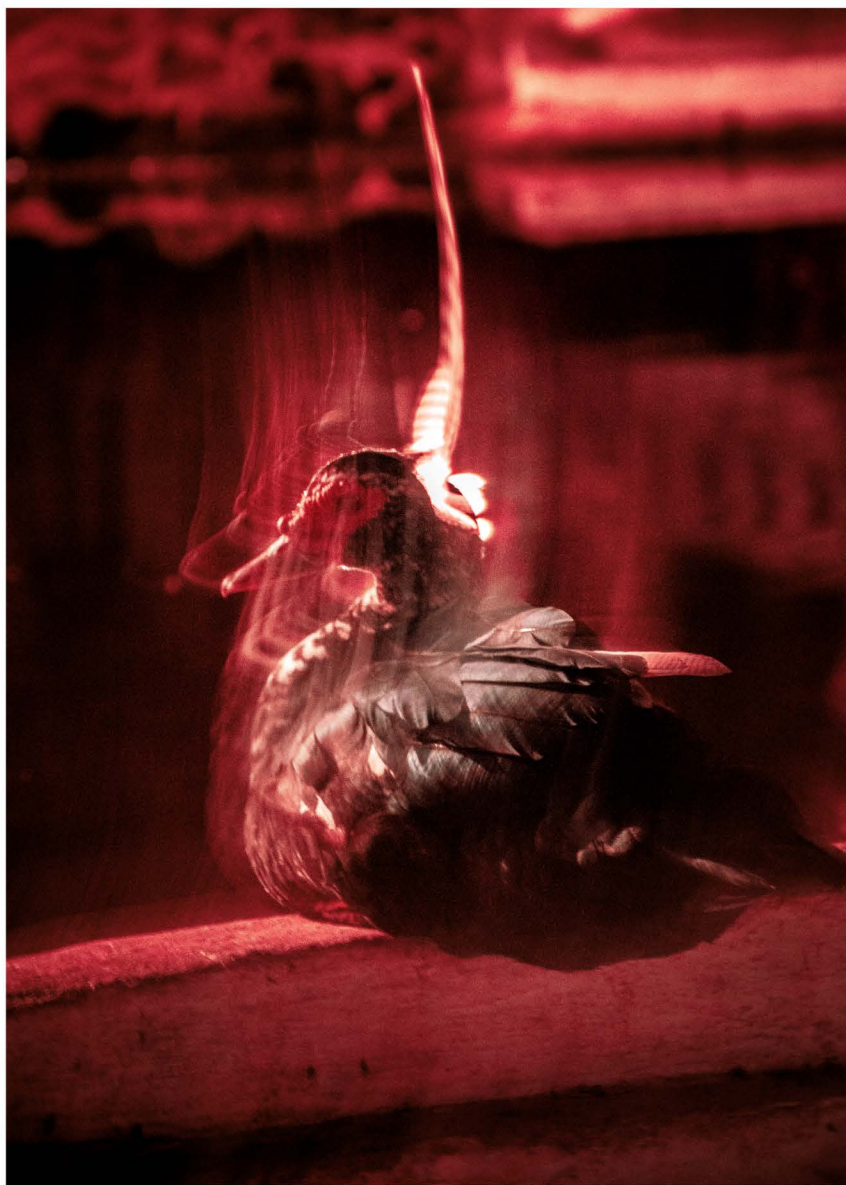


POV of JC

#TBT minha memória em imagem

Renato Silveira

Renato Silveira



DEMONIAC DUCK
QUACK!

THE
SKULL
KIDS
MADE
THIS